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About this time a personal dispute, the most severe and acrimonious in its nature, of any on record in Parliamentary history, took place between Mr. Flood and the celebrated Henry Grattan. It would seem that the attack was begun by Flood, who intemperately alluding to the national grant made to Grattan for his eminent services to his country, had most unjustly stigmatized him as a "mendicant Patriot, who was bought by his country, and had then sold his country for prompt payment." This produced, from Grattan, a retort in a strain of the most caustic and powerful language that could be imagined; in which thinly veiling his vituperation of his antagonist, under the semblance of attacking a supposititious character, with the most pointed direction of look and gesture, he continued to pour forth on Flood, the severest and most personal invective. Flood, in a state of great excitement and agitation, stood up to reply, but speedily so lost himself and became so much out of order, that the Speaker, at length, interfered. He declared, it had been with the utmost pain that he had suffered the debate to proceed so long in that manner—and that nothing but the repeated calls of the House, to hear both members, would have induced him to remain silent so long—and he then entreated Mr. Flood to sit down; with which request he thought it best to comply, and soon after retired from the House. The Speaker immediately issued his warrant for the apprehension of both gentlemen, and they were accordingly taken into custody next morning, and bound over to keep the peace. Some nights after Mr. Flood was permitted, though not without some opposition, to deliver a long and able speech, in which he entered into a defence of his conduct through the course of his whole political life.

Before the close of that year, he became a member of the House of Commons of Great Britain, a representative for the borough of Winchester; and at the same time was member in Ireland for Kilbeggan, which borough he continued to represent till the year preceeding his death. He never seems to have attained the same degree of influence or consideration in England, that he had held in the Irish House of Commons. He was unfortunate, we are told, in his first essay there: having ventured, depending on his practised talents as an orator, and general information and reading, to speak on a subject with the details of which he was almost totally unacquainted—the affairs of India—the inevitable consequence of which, was a signal failure. He, however, afterwards retrieved his lost credit by several excellent speeches on other measures, especially on Parliamentary Reform; one which he made on that subject, in 1794, and which at the time elicited much approbation from Mr. Pitt and others of his party, as well as from Fox, who declared the scheme to be the most rational that had ever been brought forward, was republished in 1831, together with his reply to Mr. Windham, in the course of the same debate.

A bequest which Mr. Flood made of his estates, of the value of about £5000 per annum, to the University of Dublin, to take effect after the death of his wife, for establishing Professorships for the encouragement of the study of the Irish language and history, and for the purchase of books and manuscripts, was the subject of much discussion, and afterwards litigation. An able pamphlet was written in its defence, by his friend Lord Rosse, then Sir Laurence Parsons. To shew that Mr. Flood was by no means singular, in his opinion, on this subject, he gives, in a note, a letter from Dr. Johnson, to Charles O'Connor, the Irish antiquarian, in which he strongly expresses his approval of the design of instituting an inquiry respecting the ancient literature of Ireland. It appears, also, that the celebrated philosopher, Leibnitz, declared, that in his opinion, the study of the Irish language should be prosecuted diligently; the effect of which would be to perfect, or at all events, greatly to promote the knowledge of Celtic literature. The validity of Mr. Flood's will was contested by his cousin and heir at law, Mr. John Flood, of Flood Hall, who after protracted litigation, was successful in establishing his claim to the large estates, devised for the purposes we have mentioned, and the bequest to the University of Dublin, in consequence, became void.

In person, Mr. Flood was tall and slight: his counte-

nance, though striking and indicative of his commanding intellect, bore little trace of the beauty, which it is said, he had possessed in early life. His manners were highly polished and courteous; and his style of oratory not only nervous and argumentative, but highly classical and ornate. In conclusion, to use the words of a contemporary of his own, "He made a conspicuous figure in the annals of his country, and was entitled to the respect of every public-spirited man in it; for, unquestionably, he was the senator who, by his exertions, and repeated discussion of questions, seldom, if ever, approached before, first taught Ireland that she had a Parliament."

He died in 1791, at his seat of Farnly, in the county of Kilkenny, in the 60th year of his age.

O'G.

COLUMBKILLE AND THE DRUID.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Although I have never travelled so far as to behold an Egyptian pyramid, yet from the interior of Columb Kill's cave, in Kells, my ideas of such a fabric are in some degree satisfied. Columba, or Collum, though of great repute for his piety, was not without his enemies; and this cave seems to be built on the double principle of seclusion and security. The entrance, till of late, was by the top—nor even now can I trace the remains of steps to gain the top, save small niches, merely sufficient to hold the toes in. But, there is another apartment below, (now inhabited, and rented at two pounds a year from the Marquis of Headford), from which, to all appearance, there never has been any means of access to the one above. The upper was where the Saint lodged, the lower, it is said, served him as a kitchen, some say as a chapel. From the latter, a subterraneous passage led to the monastery and palace at the rear of where the church now stands, but now entirely destroyed. Through this passage those that came to the Saint, on holy purposes, used to pass; and were heard by him from a square hole cut in the top, which was also of stone.

On my visit to this verdure-covered pyramid, (for now the ash and sycamore find root on the top), I met with an old man, who related to me the following story:—

"There was wanst upon a time, (said he), a great King, who beat all the Kings before him, till he came to Kells. When he came here, he was invited to the palace, on a great feast made, to which all the lords and gentlemen of the County Meath was invited; amongst the rest, they invited Saint Collum Kill. But, behold ye, sir, the Saint had left the cave long afore this, and no body knew of his goin' at all, at all. What id ye have, but the minit he left it, an ould rogue ov a Dhruid, that was a sheep stealer, took up his quarters in it. Every body knows that those Dhruids deal in the black art;—every night he used to go out robbin an bleedin the cattle, an makin black puddens ov their blud—fur in those times, black puddens was a favourite joint. Many people used to wonder how the cows were pingein away, an the bones startin through ther skin, as they only bled them on Sundays; an they used to go to this ould imposthur, thinkin that they war overlookt or fairy struck. Whin they left any aumogue ov butter or the likes, for him, he woudn't bleed ther cattle, so whin they saw thim thrivin' agin they thought that he broke the charm.

He had a young strapeen ov a sarvint maid, who he put up to be crass to any one who came without grasin' her fist, an afther they wint he tuck it from her, all but, maybe, the price ov a glass. Well, sur, as I was tellin' ye afore, the King sint an invitation to the Saint, as he thought, but the ould rogue was afraid ov bein dishcoverd, so he refused to go. The King, sint agin an agin, to know the rason why he woudn't come; as he was a very pious man, he thought the feast woudn't be right without some saint." "Well" says he, to his young son, the prence, 'do you go an see iv ye can coax him to come over.'

"Well, away wint the prence an tould him ov all the lashins ov bacon and chickens, an all sorts ov provisions that was laid in, an ov all the whiskey and potheen;" 'an thim,' says the prence, rubbin his hands, 'we'll have lots ov fun!'

'Why, thin, in throth,' ses the imposther, 'afthar all, you havn't my favorite joint.' 'Ah! thin, tell's what's that,' ses the young prence.' 'A good fat roomp ov beef roasted,' ses the imposther—that's the cut for me, if there was twinty dishes on the table.' 'If that be all,' ses the prence, 'prevints ye ov comin over, ye shall have it.' 'Augh! where would ye get one fit for roastin?' ses the imposther, 'shure the soart ov carron that I saw dhruven by this mornin,' almost turnt my stomach.'

"Well, to be shure, whin word was brought to the King, he was very much fritted, bekays he hadn't anything the Saint, (as he thought), lik'd. So he called up the butcher, an, ses he to him—'What shall I do, at all, at all, fur a good rump ov beef—is there neer a one among all ye kilt, fat enough to roast?' 'The Dhoul a one,' ses the butcher.' 'O! murther,' ses the King, 'afther all, I can't have the Saint; what's the rason the cattle are so lean?' 'Bekays,' ses the butcher, the crathurs are so often bled to make black puddens ov their blood, and the poor oxes are so fritted at seen the poor colleens ov cows bleedin' that ther not worth the ground they walk on.' 'De ye tell me so?' ses the King. 'In trowth, I do,' ses the butcher.' 'Well, thin,' ses the King, 'I'll make anact of parliament that no cow shall ever be bludded, unless in case of sickness or death.'

"All the time they war spakin', who should be stannin by, list'nin, but the young prence." 'Oh! father,' ses he to the King, 'I know where ther's a fine fat heiffer, grazin, O! iv you war to see her, father, she can hardly dhrag her tail afther her with the fair fat.' 'Whin the King hard him say this, he jumpt fur joy.' 'Go off,' ses he, 'this very instant minit, an get her at any price.'

"Away wint the prence over to an ould woman that lived in a hole, under a hill, who, he was tould, ownded the heiffer." 'Are ye at home, modther,' ses he, makin a low bow, at the hole. 'What's yer will, mabouchal dhas?' says she. 'Why, my fadther, the King, ses he, sint me over to ax ye, iv ye'll sell the heiffer that's grazin'n the field beyant?' 'He might have saved himself the throuble,' ses the ould woman, lookin' very crass at the prence. 'Well,' ses the prence, ses he, supposin' ye get six cows fur her, how would you like that bargain?' 'Och, don't make an ounshoch ov yourself,' ses the ould woman, 'de ye think that I'm sich a gom as all that, to take yer ould bludlis drimmans; shure the whole of thim togethir woudn't make a pot ov broath.' 'Well, to be sure, the prence was put to the pin ov his collar, he was so hobbled.' 'Why thin, mother honey,' ses he, (buttherin her up), 'iv you but knew who was to dine with the King, an who the meat's for, ye'd give it with a hart an a half.' 'Would I, indeed,' ses she, givin a smile at the prence, 'I'm shure if I'd give it to any one in the world, I'd give it to the King.' 'Beganny,' ses the prence, 'I have her now: but what id ye think iv it was to be kilt fur the great Collum Kill?' 'Saint Collum Kill,' ses the ould woman, 'whin did he come back?' 'Why, whin did he go out ov his cave?' ses the prence. 'Is that all ye know about it?' ses she, starin at the prence. May bad wind to the ould sheog, but he wants dainties, the ould cow-bleedin'-sheep-stealin' robber. No matter; the least sed is soonest mended—just be off out ov that, or I'll soon make you take to yer heels—purty thing, indeed! Shew me yer company, an I'll shew who ye are—not for forty cows would I give my baste for such a curst ould villain to feed on.' 'Oh! ye wicked ould hag,' ses the prence, 'to curse the Saint;' 'so he run away with the fright. But jist as he was crassin' a gap, what shoud he bob his head aginst, but the heiffer's forred.' 'Look afore ye,' ses the prence, listen up his eyes. Oh! thin, is it yerself that's there?' ses he, 'a dear morsal ye are, shure enough,' lickin his lips as he lookt at the favorite part, 'I'm glad we met, any how; though, I believe you've given me a pair ov beautiful black eyes wid yer hard forred. At any rate, home I won't go without you.' So sayin', he broke a long branch from a tree, an dhruve her on afore him. The very minit she kem home, she was soon knockt down an dhrest up; a messinger was agin sent to the cave for the imposther ov a Saint, but the ould rogue purtinded that he was doin' a pinnance. an that he couldnt go, but iv

the King id sind him over his dinner, h'd be over as soon as the punch id be mixed. 'Oh!' ses the King, 'sure an' I can sind over the dish, an' he can cut his dinner of it, an' sind it back agin.'

Well, jist as the dinner was comin' on the table who should come runnin' out of breath, but the ould woman that ownded the heiffer. The first she met at the gate was the king's sarvint-maid, wid the roomp ov beef smokin' hot on a dish goin to the cave. 'Where are ye going,' ses the ould woman, 'wid that fineroomp of beef?' 'I'm goin,' sez the sarvint, 'with it to the great saint Collum Kill, an iv you want to see him you can shlip in wid me, an' Molly wont ax any thing from ye.' 'May the dhoul pull it out ov of his long guts,' sez the ould woman, 'the curst ould imposther! I little thought I was rearin up my poor baste for the like ov him to grease his gob wid. May bad ind to all his sort.' Well, when the sarvint heard her curse the saint, as she thought, she fell all ov a thimble, an' let fall the dish out ov her hands. Up she gother it agen in her apron, an' run in to Molly, and tould her how it happened, an' bid her not say a word about it to morthal. 'Put it on another dish,' sez she (not thinking the chap above could hear her); and I've a little dhrop, in my pocket, ov the rale stuff for ourselves.'

Now, by this time, the ould woman made her way through the crowds ov ladies an' gentlemn, 'till she got up face to face furnest the king. 'O mille murther!' sez she, dhroppin on her marrow bones, 'isn't it the height ov murther to say a poor lonely varthues crather ov a maid shud be robbed afther this manner by your cauraun ov a son! You a king, that has gained so many battles, an done so many great things, to let a poor dissolute crather be threatet so!—you that ought to be the purtacthor ov the stranger an' the helpless. I tell ye what, that I'll never get frum off my knees till I give you my curse, iv I don't have satisfaction. That all ye have may melt away, an that ye may lose every battle that ever ye'— 'Oh! stop, stop!' sez the king. 'Come here, ye scalthaun,' sez he to the prence, takin him by loog, 'what's this, ye thaunraghaun, that ye've done to this poor woman? Didn't I bid ye buy the heiffer at any price, didn't I? Did I bid ye take it by force, did I? Shure ye never saw the likes by me. Take that!' So sayin, he up wid his fist, an' gave the prence a kick. 'Kick him out!' sez he, to give him a shame face and the ould woman satisfaction. But there was some chaps at the feast glad of the hint, to give the poor young prence a weltn; so they threw him over the bannisthers, from the top to the bottom of the stairs. Not a word ov what happened him was tould the king, as he was a little harty, owin to a dhrop that he tuck afore dinner, to dhrown his spite about the bad meat that was kilt. But, whin the compinny war all gone, they tould him, and down-faced him that he gave orthers that the prence shud be kilt. Well, when the king heard this, the *sprits in him* grew mighty low; so, cloathes an' all, he tumbled into bed. There he lay rowlin and tumblin the whole night, as uneasy as iv he was hagridden. At last, as the day was peepin in, up he jumps, an' sets off to the cave. The first he met, in the dark passage, was Molly. 'Who's here,' sez the king, as he knockt up aginst her. 'Why the dhoul don't you look afore ye,' sez Molly; it's me.' 'Is the saint up,' sez the king. 'No, in throath,' says Molly, 'nor do I expect he will this hour to come. The king sent him such lashins ov beef an' whiskey last night, an' the crathur not used to the likes. But what's yer will?' 'I want to see him, Molly,' sez he, shippin three tinpennys into her hand. 'Bedh a hush,' sez she, 'I'll soon rouze him. Come in, an' sit down at the fire fur a minet or two.' Well, to be shure, Molly brought over the creepeen, and down sat the king by the fire, where there was a big pot ov praties bilin'. He hadn't sat long whin he hard a stur over head. 'I bleeve he's awake,' sez the king. Jist as he sed the word, he heard a voice roarin through the hole overhead, 'Who's that you've there gotherin wid ye? I suppose ye'll let all the praties be smasht, as you did the t'other mornin. I ought to dhread gotherers afther last night, whin yersel an' that sthree ov a sarvint ov the king's got yerselves dhruken, an' dhurtied all the beef an' broke the dish; de ye remimber that, ye'— 'Oh!' says the king, looking up, mighty sarafool,

'don't be so crass wid the poor colleen. It's me that is here, hart-broken and fritted, as I am." "Oh!" sez the chap above to himself, "by the powers ov delph, I'm done. Oh! I beg yer honors pardin. Shure you ofte hard that a gosterin woman would provoke a saint—now you see it." "In troath I do," sez the king (not wishin to lay a hard word on any creather), "an' a scouldin woman made me kill my son." "De ye tell me so?" sez the imposther. "How kem that?" "Oh! that unfortunate roomp ov beef that you et was the cause of it all." "Oh! the ould throllop!—the ould shoolin campainer!—never heed it; I'll be down on her taw!" "Oh!" sez the king, "I forgive her, in hopes that I may have any chance myself; an' I cum over to you, fresh an' fastin, to ax your forgiveness; may I expect it?" looken up very sarrafool at the hole. "Let me see" sez the imposther; "sit down till I consider." So down the king sat agen, wid his head on his knees, till his hair was amost swing'd. "Have ye the hide to the good that kem off the heifer?" sez the imposther. "I have," sez the king. "Well," sez the imposther, "take an' rowl it round yer body—let the pate an' horns hang over yer forred; thin take the wattle that thruve her out ov the field in yer hand, an' go on a pilgrimidge to sum other saint; fur, as I was party consarn'd in the heifer, I have no power to forgive ye." "Oh!" sez the king, "you are a great saint entirely; may be, iv I brought over my son's body, you could cure him," "Throath, I can," sez the imposther, "easy do that, for the dhoul a hoort on him." "Not dead?" says the king. "Throath h'es not," says the chap above; "fur whin the fellows wor weltin him so unmarckool, the ould woman wint to save him ather all, an' both her an' the prence was thrown over the bannisthers, an' the ould woman kem undhermust, an' was kilt; but every body was in sich glee that they thought he was kilt; but he was afraid to show himself to you, you war so crass." The imposther, sur, hard all this from the king's sarvint, while she was collogein wid his sarvint, Molly. Well, iv there was ten pipers in the place, playin up "Tatherin Jack Welsh," an' rowlin an' crannin every note, they couldn't make the king tip heel an' toe lighter than he did, when he hard this. "O thin," sez he, "I shall go the pilgrimidge for all that, for joy that my son's alive." Well, away he run givin the saint, as he tuck him to be, a thousand blessins. Shure enough, the first he met, whin he got out, was his son, an' glad enough he was to find the life in him.

Well, the next mornin' the King got ready to set out on the pilgrimidge, but jist as he was goin' off, who shud come up, but the rale saint himself. "God save yer reverence," sez the king. "God save ye kindly," sez the saint. "I'm glad I met ye," sez the king; "I intinded to have gone to the cave, to return ye thanks, and ask ov ye to take off the pinnince till I'd get home." "What pinnince?" sez the saint. "Shure I laid no pinnince on ye." "O son ov my mother!" sez the king, "de ye hear this? Shure yon don't forget the roomp ov beef?" "Oh ho!" sez the saint, "some imposther has been playin' tricks on ye. Go back immediately, an' beat him out ov the cave." Well, whin the king hard this, he grew as mad as a march hare. He thin dhrew up his sogers in a hollow square, an' made a great speech to them. "Right about wheel!" sez he, "at the ind of the speech; so back he marcht at the head ov all his forces, foot an' cavalthry, miners an' sappars, wid spades and shovels, to undhermine the cave. He calt out to the ould imposther the articles ov war; but no answer kem. They then lit bundles of sthraw, to burn him out; but as there was no wood in the cave, it wouldn't take fire; so they got shkaling ladders, and got in at the top; but dhoul a mothersoul they could see, but an ould ram that was hangin by the legs up in a corner; so they kem down agin, whin who shud come runnin' into the crowd ov sogers, but Molly. "Did ye get him?" sez she to the king. "The never an inch," sez the king. "Well, did ye see ere a ram's hide?" sez she. "I did," sez the king. "Well," sez she, "go in agin, and ye'll find him hid in that." So in wint the sogers again, an' dhragg'd him out shkin and all; so they rowled him up in the heifer's hide, and beat him wid the wattle till every bone in his body was broke. So that was the ind ov the imposther.

T. E.

GLEANINGS OF NATURAL HISTORY IN IRELAND. No. III.



We present our readers with a portrait of a singularly large bird, a variety of the Swift, which was caught in the neighbourhood of Rathfarnham in the month of February, 1832. From its great sweep of wing, as well as the circumstance of its appearing at a time of the year when swallows are rarely, if ever, to be seen, it was at first supposed to be a hawk by a boy who perceived it flying about. He pursued it to an outhouse, into which it had flown, but was too late to rescue it unhurt from the murderous talons of a cat that had seized it, as it died soon afterwards. Its colour is exactly that of the common Swift; and the spot on the throat of the same dirty white, but rather larger, and much more distinctly and better marked. Its mouth is considerably larger than even that of the night-jar, or goat-sucker, of the same tribe; it extends far back, quite beneath the eye. The quill feathers of the wings, as well as those of the tail, are very pointed. The tail, which consists of ten feathers, is remarkably different from that of the common swift, the feathers being all nearly of an equal length. This bird measured ten inches from the point of its bill to its tail, and twenty-one inches from tip to tip of its wings. It is preserved in the fine collection of Irish birds of T. W. Warren, Esq. O'G.

STANZAS—FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

In youth's most genial, joyous hour,
I ne'er was wholly gay,
For still a thought of spectral power
Upon my spirit lay;
Fiend-like, on loveliest things it breathed,
And bade their beauty flee—
I saw them prematurely wreathed
In frail mortality!

If e'er with love my bosom swelled,
Too buoyantly for earth,
That shade sepulchral came and quelled
The pulses maddening mirth:—
If friends sat round, with smiles endeared,
More dear than words can say—
That withering phantom rose and seared
Their beauty with decay.

Still rose the same prophetic shade,
Health, hope, and joy to mar—
And bid the sweetest prospect fade,
In darkness seen afar:
And thus life's greenest leaves of prime,
While spring yet smiled around—
Grew lifeless, as in that sad time
When Autumn strews the ground.

Thus fairest things began to seem
But born to smile and die;
And mirth was looked on as a dream,
And mingled with a sigh.
Love's—friendship's—pleasure's fairest flowers,
Seemed withering as they grew;
Alas, dark dreams of brighter hours—
That time should prove ye true! J. U.U.

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